

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
 THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
 Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
 mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 4.

WAR'S HURRICANE WITH A CALM AT ITS CENTRE	37
THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS	38
THE STILL HOUR	39
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	39
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
TEMPER	41
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
DAME NATURE AND HER CHILDREN	42
THE PRICE OF VICTORY: A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR	43
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	47
CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	48
IMPORTANT NOTICES	48

WAR'S HURRICANE WITH A CALM AT ITS CENTRE.

[A Poem read at a meeting of the Church of the Dis-
 ciples, one of whose members was going to teach the eman-
 cipated slaves at Port Royal.]

Far to the South, where Tropic Ocean smiles,
 In fadeless beauty bloom a hundred isles.
 O lovely bowers, sweet gardens of the deep!
 O fair Antilles, lapped in dreamless sleep!
 Yet o'er that scene what fearful change shall
 go,—
 Change, of all things the unchanging thing
 below!
 Over a thousand miles of land and deep,
 The great tornado, in its dreadful sweep,
 Whirls round its orbit on tempestuous wings,
 And in enormous circles onward swings;
 Whirls round one centre in its stormy play,
 Takes that calm centre forward on its way,
 Some peaceful leagues within the stormy
 main,—
 Peace, in the bosom of a hurricane.

So slept our Union, confident and vain;
 So in its slumbers burst the hurricane.
 In self-relying confidence and pride,
 It spurned God's justice, and man's rights
 defied;
 Now takes its penalty just where it sinned,

And reaps the whirlwind where it sowed the
 wind.

But yet, as o'er the land the tempest rolls,
 And war's terrific judgment tries men's souls,
 This storm of battle bears within its breast—
 One blessed spot of Christian peace and
 rest,—

The holy Charity, whose footstep brave
 Follows Destruction's path to heal and save;
 Prays by the dying, soothes the closing eye
 With looks of tenderness and sympathy;
 And, all-forgetful if of friend or foe,
 Thinks only how to assuage the sufferer's
 woe;—

These blessed actions show to us again
 The peaceful centre of the hurricane.

And now that dungeon portal, bolted fast,
 Shaken by War's dread earthquake, falls at
 last.

God's poor, so long shut down in starless
 night,

Open their timid eyes, and ask for light.
 Christ's coming rends again the prison walls,
 And through the yawning chinks God's sun-
 light falls.

Shall not the Master's servants hear the
 cry?

Shall they not send his truth to those who lie
 In that dark shadow of despair and death,—
 His truth, to quicken each reviving breath?
 Shall not four million slaves at last be heard,
 And lift their thanks for God's triumphant
 word?

Some of our friends have nobly gone to fight
 In the great cause of Liberty and Right;
 Others have gone, with tender touch and
 tread,

To hover round the wounded soldier's bed.
 Go thou, my friend, to yet another place;
 To pay our debt to that oppressed race;
 Through you, New England to the Freedman
 sends

Her special gift, of light; with you, she lends
 To him her choicest culture, tenderest love;
 For this the law sung by God's hosts above,—
 Let the best love unto the lowliest go,
 The highest comfort to the deepest woe,
 The purest light shine in the darkest place,
 Earth's noblest culture aid the humblest race;
 For God came down in Christ to seek and
 save

The beggar, sinner, publican, and slave.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS.

WHETHER MISERABLE OR HAPPY.

"And now we exhort you to be of good cheer."—ACTS xxvii.
22.

A certain prophet of Israel tells his readers as he dwells upon his conception of the ideal man in the relations which he would have him sustain to the unfortunate, that:—

"A man shall be:—

As a hiding-place from the wind,
As a covert from the tempest,
As a stream of water in a dry region,
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

We have been wont, I fear, to regard cheerfulness as largely a matter of temperament, and to exempt many individuals from the necessity of manifesting good nature. It is thus that we encourage those of a sad or morose disposition to conduct themselves; because, forsooth, we think the temperament of a person is as unalterable as a mathematical law. We lose sight of the fact that an unhappy disposition is something to be overcome, and that a morbid temperament is something that should be modified, so that the sunlight of God's glorious world may get in. How much better it would be to say to a gloomy, benighted soul that is sad and apprehensive and uncompanionable: "Appear cheerful."

But if we have erred in looking upon cheerfulness as a matter of temperament, have we not in regarding it as a thing dependent upon one's environment? If we stop to reflect for a moment we shall have to admit that some of the cheeriest souls we have ever known have been persons who have been maimed for life or invalided, persons who by the exercise of a strong will and a stronger sense have risen superior to their physical misfortune. So, too, we have known those most unfavorably circumstanced who have been cheerful. Meagre as have been their surroundings and hard as has been their lot, they have disciplined themselves with the years so that they are as bright as God's sunlight and as reinvigorating as are the breezes in summer from off his glorious hills. It may be hard for one to be superior to such untoward conditions; but it is possible; and a thing that is possible is worth striving for with all seriousness, if in any way it be worth possessing. The circumstances may remain, the adverse conditions may prove unalterable, yet may one be cheerful. I think I may safely say that even had Paul foreseen the probable loss of all on board that vessel being driven into the surf at Malta, he might still have been warranted in exhorting them

to good cheer. He might have said: "My men, be men. You may find here your grave. This may be your own funeral; but be of good cheer." We read a thrilling story of a great man-of-war that has been struck and must sink immediately. We are told that the marines, hastily assembled by their brave officers, did while standing unmoved rend the heavens with a mighty cheer for the homeland and the flag as the waters engulfed them.

Cheerfulness is not only possible under untoward circumstances, but it is a duty, a duty which is twofold. We owe it to ourselves and we owe it to others that we be cheerful. The reasons why we do may be briefly dwelt upon.

We owe it to ourselves that we be cheerful because a man is his best, his truest, his highest self when he is cheerful. To be cheerless is to cripple or to deaden one's powers. A cheerless man is not, as a rule, more than half a man. He has surrendered his best self to his environment, or to some incident or accident which has happened to touch him. He is doing little more in consequence than to hang on to life with a nerveless sort of grasp. He is sadly waiting for life to come in new and fuller tides, instead of engendering life within himself as a source of personal energy. He has no more force than a vegetable. He resembles a lump of clay more than he does anything vital and capable of making its latent powers felt. To be himself a man must come out of the fog and throw off his stupor and be of good cheer. "Give us, O give us," said a great man of letters of the last generation, "the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spiritual sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

In order to get the most good out of life a man must be cheerful, uniformly so. Opportunities are not seized by the cheerless. Their hand is nerveless; the opportunity therefore passes ere they can grasp it. The great goods of life yield only to those who follow them with zest. As a sound horse has to be sought to be secured, so must the highest goods of life; they are never stumbled

on. A half-hearted man misses them because they never come his way begging him to appropriate them; and because he can never bring himself to look them up. All this is not saying that life should be without poise and serenity, that it should be restless and anxious and troubled, for this would be fatal to cheerfulness. We can, I am sure, enter very heartily into the thought of our American naturalist, John Burroughs, as expressed in a poem of his:—

“Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more ‘gainst time or fate;
For lo, my own shall come to me.

“I stay my haste, I make delays:
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

“The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tide wave to the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own from me.”
—*Edward Day.*

THE STILL HOUR.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE SPIRIT.

Spirit that with me dost dwell,
Make thy presence richly known!
Holy deeds send forth to tell
Of the bright communion!

Peaceful Spirit! hath the soul
Where thy voice so sweet doth sound,
Of thy mighty music full,
Ears to hear the roar around?

Cheerful Spirit! where but here
In this happy home of thine,
Floweth on such gladsome cheer?
Ever fresh the feast divine!

Holy Spirit! give not o'er;
Leave not, leave not hallowing me,—
Me thy temple evermore;
Mine thine own eternity!

—*T. H. Gill.*

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*George Herbert.*

Obedience is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly with all forces of obligation to obey.—*Carlyle.*

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*G. D. Boardman.*

One of God's best gifts to man is the power of sympathy; but so widely diffused are its blessings, like the sunshine and the genial rain, that we scarcely realize its value or appreciate its worth.—*Selected.*

The man that strives to make the most and best of himself, to cultivate his nature on all sides, put himself in as many useful relations with others as he can,—he is the religious man.—*C. P. Woolley.*

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.
—*Ugo Bassi.*

Happiness is the flower of right. If you are not happy when you are right, you would be unutterably miserable with the consciousness of being wrong. All the joy which does not fade is that which grows from self-sacrifice.—*A. H. Bradford.*

The highest joy is an edelweiss: it grows only bosomed in the snow and nursed by tempests. There is no joy like divinely joyful sorrow, as there is no strength like the divinely strengthened weakness. This is the paradox of Christian experience.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking “Shall I send such a book to such a person?” before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Mrs. William H. Downer, 83 Sutherland Road, Boulevard Station, Boston, Mass.,

offers the following: "L'Arrabbiata," Novelle, Paul Heyse; "Märchen und Erzählungen," H. A. Guerber; "Selections for German Composition," Charles Harris; "Studien und Plaudereien," Sigmon M. Stern; "Deutsches Lesebuch für Anfänger," H. C. G. Brandt; "Graded German Lessons," William Eysenbach; "German Composition," Paul R. Pope; "Minna von Barnhelm," G. E. Lessing; "Brief German Grammar," William D. Whitney; "Prinz Friedrich von Homburg," H. von Kleist.

Miss Jane W. Kennedy, 634 Canton Avenue, Milton, Mass., offers: *Harper's Weekly*, 1912-13-14; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1913; *Youth's Companion*, 1912; *Scientific American*, 1912; *Illustrated London News*, 1912.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Emma M. Backus, College Park, Georgia, asks for literature of any kind on psychical research.

2. I have received three or four nice letters, three books, some magazines, and some post-cards. All of them I enjoyed very much. I love to receive letters from older persons, as I have no mama and no one to give me advice. I should like to have the *Lives of Mary, Queen of Scots and Cleopatra*. But I should be glad of any kind of reading matter. I should like to have scraps of any kind of cloth, for patchwork. If I do not thank every one, don't think hard, for I do not always have the means. But I thank you very much all the same, and there is one who knows all of your kind deeds and will bless you. Nellie Hawley, Snowville, Virginia.

3. Mrs. Robert Nay, Wickford, Rhode Island, asks for picture books for a little deformed girl.

4. I wish to thank those who have so kindly sent me reading during the last six months. I have received some without knowing who sent it, as there was no name in it, and I wish to thank them through the *Cheerful Letter*. I hope the kind ones will continue to remember me. Best wishes to my *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am sincerely yours, (Mrs.) Fannie Thompson, Tatum, Virginia.

5. Florence A. Langley, 333 Ohio Street, Bangor, Maine, a shut-in, asks for *McClure's Magazine* commencing with June, 1915. Miss Langley shares it with a friend.

6. As I have received so many kindnesses from the *Cheerful Letter* in years past, I want to mention a very worthy couple of young people who have moved to a farm, are poor, and cannot afford the good literature they would like. I hope some one will send them the *Ladies' Home Journal* and a good farm magazine. Mrs. Cora Hatchell, Cordell, Oklahoma. The address of this couple is Mr. and Mrs. Will M. Harper, Colfax, Washington, R. F. D. 2.

7. I come asking for some reading for myself and husband. I should like some printed sermons for my husband and any kind of reading for myself. I should also appreciate some scraps for patchwork. For reference I give L. E. Brubaker, Callaway, Virginia. From Mrs. Lucy Eanes, Bassett, Virginia.

8. I am a widow with small means. I have four children,—three girls and one boy, aged four to twelve years. I am also taking care of my father of seventy years, and sister of fifteen. I live in a rented house. Our school is about a mile and a half away. The nearest church is about four miles off. Rev. W. C. Clark, pastor, Callands, Virginia. I like to read and should like to get books for my children, but am not able to buy and I should be thankful to receive reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Address Mrs. P. F. Lawrence, Glade Hill, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 47.

9. I wish to send my thanks for the one who sent me Lowell's Poems. I should also like Emerson's and Tennyson's, and "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; also Commentary on the Bible. If any one has a book on Latin, Ancient History, The Reformation, or anything of an educational nature, I certainly should appreciate it. This is the way I am trying to educate myself by home study. Yours with best regards, Frank Clapps, Hendersonville, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1.

10. Magazines are asked for by Lou Ward, Dayton, Tennessee, Box 116, R. F. D. 1.

11. Mrs. Nancy Salmons, Elamsville, Virginia, wants the *Cheerful Letter* friends to remember her on her birthday, with post-cards and pieces for patchwork. She will be eighty-eight the 18th of October. Can see to piece quilts and things yet. For reference she sends Rev. W. A. Elgin, Elamsville, Virginia.

12. I am the mother of ten children, and a farmer's wife. Should be glad to have some good reading matter for myself and children. Should also appreciate some little scraps of calico for quilts. For reference I give L. E. Brubaker, Callaway, Virginia. From Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, Route 1.

13. Mrs. Lillie Prichard, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 3, asks for "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and "Stepping Heavenward."

14. I live in a small country village and will share any reading sent. Shall be very grateful for any good reading or magazines, and especially for Longfellow's Poems, and "How to Know Wild Flowers." Grace Gilbert, Sandidges, Virginia.

15. Mrs. Boaz Gammons of Whitakers, North Carolina, would be glad of something to read. She lives in the country and is by herself right much and would be glad of books or magazines.

16. Mrs. A. S. Turbyfill, Norman, Oklahoma, will be glad to receive current magazines, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, or *The Delineator*. Also, the *Youth's Companion*, or any other reading matter for young boys.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Annie Shepperd, from O'Donnell to Arah, Texas.

Mrs. Isabelle Bailey is now at 318 South Seventh Street, Fredonia, Kansas.

Mrs. Lucy E. Aldridge, from Spencer to Peru, Indiana, R. R. 6.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEMPER.

Of all the difficulties which meet the conscientious parent, perhaps the most perplexing is that of dealing wisely with the child who "has a temper." To meet it you must be ever on the alert; there is no such thing as sleeping on your post. The tempest breaks fifty times a day, without warning, and threatens to overwhelm all the happiness of the home and to make shipwreck of the future for which you are training him. No matter how anxiously you are striving to do just the right thing, the thing you do always seems to be the wrong one. Every out-

break appears to be just as unreasonable, just as violent as the last, and you feel a profound discouragement which tends to paralyze your subsequent effort.

Really there is no need of this discouragement. It is one of the most trying difficulties to meet, but it is very far from hopeless if you will look at it in the right way. In the first place, you don't know how much easier it will seem if you will cease calling the trait "temper" and instead term it "energy." That mother who never admitted that her children were naughty, but always excused their bad deeds by calling them "ill," was not so far wrong in her philosophy. A child whose physical condition is perfect, and whose surroundings are healthful, will seldom be cross. Irritability almost invariably proceeds from physical disorder. He may fly into a passion without his moral nature being largely responsible. He is a bundle of forces, undeveloped as yet, as well as untrained. He is sensitive to hundreds of influences unperceived by those who have him in charge, and he has not yet learned to hold them in check. There are years of a terrible conflict before him, ere he shall have learned to control these forces, but when he has accomplished the task no one can estimate the power which he will have over evil everywhere.

It is not well to assume so great a responsibility that you will sink under it. Say to yourself that it is not worth while to be utterly disheartened because you cannot control your child's temper. Your task is to teach him to control it. Show him the way again and again, encourage him to further trial when he fails, but never let him lose sight of the fact that the control of his temper is something that he must gain for himself.

One of the most important things which you can do to aid him is to find some outlet for these warring energies. Turn them into the direction of usefulness. Set him to work to accomplish something, the more difficult the better, for some one else. The very strength and earnestness formerly wasted in outbursts of anger and conflict of wills, when turned into a healthful channel, will accomplish large results.

Appeal to those traits which always accompany this superabundant nervous force. Few children are endowed with hot tempers that have not at the same time ardent affections or strong conscientiousness. These are powerful aids to self-control and should be brought to bear in every possible instance. Treat this fiery disposition like a raging fever to be cured, not like a sin to be punished. Many a child repeatedly punished for this

fault has been striving secretly in his own untutored way to conquer his unruly nature, and has keenly felt his failure. Punishment has disheartened him, where sympathy and encouragement would have led him through conflict to victory.

"I am so miserable," sobbed one poor little culprit after such a crisis. "When I have got over being in a passion I just wish I could die."

The revulsion of feeling which follows the excitement of the struggle, and the depression, more than half physical, which is its accompaniment, are in themselves nature's punishment for the wrong. At such a moment hopeful words of encouragement to more earnest effort in the future will lift the young soul out of its despondency and will often bring about an effective determination to accomplish the task in which he has heretofore failed ignobly.

It seems trite to observe that no parent or teacher can help the young soldier to his victory without himself practising the most perfect self-command. Yet in actual life this is apparently lost sight of entirely. It is worse than useless to meet violence with violence. By the superior resources that belong to maturity you may get the better of your small antagonist, you may check his actions, but you can never reach his spirit.

An experienced mother and teacher entered a nursery some time ago while one of these domestic tempests raged. Mother and child opposed each other with the bitterest wrath. Fire flashed from the eyes of the mother as well as from those of the child; the boy's voice, in wrathful screams, was hardly raised to a shriller key than her own, and his hand, even, repaid her blows with vigor. The elder woman was unfeignedly shocked.

"I can't help it," cried the mother angrily. "I never saw such a temper. When he is in a passion he is like a little fiend. He hasn't the slightest control of himself."

"Strange," gravely replied her friend, "that he has not accomplished in six years what you have not gained in thirty-six."

"I never can punish my children except when I am mad," observed the father of two very spirited boys. Later the same father commented with wonder on the uncontrolled temper of one of these same children.—*Selected.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DAME NATURE AND HER CHILDREN.

When I saw a chipmunk going by my door, busily storing up his winter supplies in his den in the bank a few yards below, I thought

how curious it is that these wild creatures, thrown entirely upon their own resources in the great merciless world of wild nature, with no one to care for them or advise them, should get on so well, and apparently have such a good time of it. I was, of course, looking at the subject from the human point of view; and I could not help thinking how many appliances, how much science, how much co-operation, and what laws and government, and the like, we all require in order to live out our lives as successfully as the wild creatures do.

In summer and winter, in storm and cold, in all seasons and in all places, by night as by day, without organization, or power of reason, or supervision, or leaders, or defenders, or government, or schools, or churches, there they go, well and happy, equal to all, or nearly all, emergencies, and making fewer mistakes than we human beings do. Think of our elaborate helps and conveniences; of our machinery for taking us abroad, or for preserving us at home; of our laid-up stores; and then think how unequipped are the wild creatures in comparison.

When I see a band of robins in late October disporting in my vineyards, filled with holiday cheer and hilarity, calling, singing, squealing, pursuing one another like children in some sort of game, apparently not at all disturbed by the approach of the inclement season and the failure of their food supplies, I almost envy them their felicity. They are wise without reason, happy without forethought, secure without rulers or safeguards of any sort. When a Cooper's hawk makes a dash among them, their mirth turns to terror, but they are usually equal to the emergency, and by darting through the vines they manage to escape him.

It is said that when a flock of mallards, or of black ducks, while feeding upon the water, see an eagle or a certain large hawk coming, they take to wing, knowing they can outdistance their enemy, but that when they see a duck-hawk coming, they hug the water the closer, knowing well that their safety is not in flight, but in diving beneath the surface.

What ages upon ages of schooling in the fierce struggle for existence it must have taken the wild creatures to get their wisdom into their very blood and bones! Yet we cannot think of them as existing without it; we cannot go back in thought to the time when they did not have it; to be without it would be to cease to exist. What, then, is its genesis? We cannot think of man as existing without his reason, his tools, his artificial aids of one kind and another; yet

there was a time when he did exist without them, just as the monkeys and anthropoid apes exist without them. Sufficient for the day is the wisdom thereof. Every stage and phase of animal life is wise in those things necessary for its continuance, but whether that wisdom comes from experience or inheritance, or is one phase of the wisdom that pervades the whole economy of nature,—that makes the heart beat and the eye see, and that adapts every organism to its environment,—who can tell?

The plants are all wise in their own way; they have to be, or cease to exist. The cultivated ones cannot shift for themselves like the weeds and wild growths; they have been too long dependent upon the care and culture of man for that; thrown upon their own resources, they perish, or else revert to the habits of their wild ancestors, as the animals do.—*John Burroughs, in the Youth's Companion.*

THE PRICE OF VICTORY: A STORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

The waiting-rooms and approaches to the great London terminus were crowded with men and women who seemed to have been drawn from their homes as by some common purpose, some magnetic force they had been unable to resist. The morning hour was early, even for the great crowd of those women who always rose early to the call of the factory bell, and the keen cut of the wind reminded them that, while the sun shone out its message of spring and hope, winter still held some sway over the land.

The crowd was composed largely of women and gray-haired men, and proclaimed to the world that it had been drawn from all walks of life and grades of society, by the varied fashion of its dress and manners. Side by side stood the factory girl and the rich daughter of society, while the mother, bent with the weight of years, stood beside the bride of a few months. Here stood a frail woman, pulling her thin, well-brushed coat around her five-year-old bonny youngster she had been unable to leave at home; beside her waited a bright, fresh, beautiful girl, carefully wrapped in an expensive sable cloak. She had just given some orders to her chauffeur waiting beside her luxurious limousine, while she waited with the sad-eyed throng. Near the barrier a couple waited whose hair had long since turned gray; they had given their brightest son to the Empire's service, while beside them, with eyes reddened by many tears, there stood

a young girl in her early twenties who but a few months before had looked forward to the building with her lover and husband the little home of happiness.

They had all come to meet the stream of pain which would come into the great terminus, and to take to their homes those of their loved ones who had given themselves in sacrifice for what they believed to be a righteous cause. As one looked into the faces of these women they saw the look of wonderful resignation, and even smiles, although their hearts must have throbbed with pain and anxiety. These are the heroines whose names will never be "gazetted," and whose story will not be told in the newspapers.

Outside the station the city was not yet awakened to its day of toil and responsibility, and still slumbered on. What a strange city this! Within a couple of hundred miles the great guns of the armies are belching forth their storm of molten lead, while men are rushing bravely to their honored deaths; the boom of the artillery sounds its awful knell of death. Yet this city slumbers; it is quiet and resigned, and goes its way as though it were the piping times of peace. The Government has called for millions in men and money, and millions of its noblest sons have responded to the call, while its bankers and financiers have given their gold. Yet there have been no demonstrations of patriotism or rowdy processions. The flower of the nation is being sacrificed to an inhuman enemy, but there have been no howlings of hate against them, while one of its greatest struggles has simply brought out a grim determination to win if it costs life itself. There have been those who have scorned the English slowness and conservatism, but here it is seen as the great force which resolves to hew its way to victory even if it means the last man and every available shilling. It is a nation with no bombast, but every part of the Empire responds to the call of the Motherland in her need.

Down the street outside the station the motor ambulance from some neighboring hospital clangs its way to join the already long line which has been gathering since the early hours of the morning within the station-yard. The newspapers are being hurried to the news-stands, and the city begins to rouse itself to a new day.

Inside the crowd still gathers, although only those who have received the small red Government "permit" will be allowed upon the platforms. The barriers are drawn and guarded, although again and again

the crush behind them threatens to break them down in its anxiety to meet the incoming train. The porters, usually so brusque and officious, seem to have acquired a new lesson of patience and kindness as they try to answer a dozen impossible questions at once. But the crowd is strangely patient. The train has not been scheduled, but these people are willing to wait even another two hours; they have come to wait, and thus settle themselves down into a fellowship in which many hearts are unburdened.

"Yes, miss," said one woman from the East End of the city, "my man was in that last big scrap,—some funny sort o' name. 'E got hit at the beginning of the war, but got better, so they sends 'im back. Wot yer say the name was? Yus, that's hit; I knowed it was suthing 'Chapil.' Yus, I expects 'im with this lot, miss."

Her companion had supplied the name with a dainty Parisian accent, and stood listening to the story of the wounded hero, wondering what strange events had led to this acquaintance with an East-End-er. She is the girl who has brought the limousine.

"Do you see that young girl over there? She seems so frightened and lonely. I wonder who she is and whether I can help her."

Without waiting for a reply the girl hurried across to speak to the new acquaintance.

"I'll just go over and see, I think; it's just all we can do these days, just cheer each other up. Good-by; I hope he'll not be so badly wounded, after all," and with the smile of one who has learned life's greatest act she went away.

The girl who had attracted her attention waited on the fringe of the crowd, clutching at the precious red ticket and glancing with anxious eyes along the long platform at which the train was expected to arrive. She presented a most pitiable and strange picture, for the style of her habit and the manner of her deportment proclaimed her to be foreign to the rush of the great station life.

"Are you waiting for some one on this train?" asked the girl in the sable coat, as an introduction. The girl thus addressed looked a mute appeal, and, finding in the eyes of her companion the touch of the common sorrow, acknowledged the inquiry.

"Well, I'm waiting, but I hardly know whether I shall be welcomed. You see, I am not expected," she replied with some embarrassment.

"Are you strange to the city?" her friend asked further.

"Yes, and to the country, too; I have

come from across the Atlantic during the last few days, just to be near him when he returns."

The tears began to well into the eyes, while a sob, which refused to be stifled, interrupted for a moment her story.

"You see, I waited so long for him, nearly five years, while he educated himself at college in Canada, and all along we have been looking forward to the wedding and things. He finished up splendidly this year, and everything was prepared, and then, a month before the marriage, the war broke out. He so much wanted to do his duty, and asked me to let him go and to wait until he came back; but I refused to promise, and he felt so bad. He argued that it was his duty to go when the Empire called, but I told him that I ought to come first, before the Empire. At last I grew desperate and told him to choose between us, myself or the Empire, and he chose—the Empire."

The eyes filled with tears as the anguish of the soul sought to express itself; the listener waited in sympathetic silence. She had learned herself, perhaps, the same lesson, and, with the fellowship of suffering, learned to touch others who also had joined the great sisterhood of sacrifice. The sobbing girl at length concluded her story:—

"Then, after a few weeks, he went away. I thought when he had gone I would just have a good time and forget, and sometimes even hoped he would be hurt or that something would happen; but somehow something inside keeps hurting me since, and I have not been able to forget,—something missing, you know. I made up my mind to come to England and become a military nurse, hoping I might perhaps meet him. But a few days ago I saw by the papers he had been badly wounded at Langemarch, and I have learned he may be among the men from that battle on this train. But do you really think he will be glad? Did I ought to go to him after the way I have served him?" she asked with a piteous appeal. "Oh, if he does not recognize me it really will be too awful!"

The girl in the sable coat looked on in silence for a few moments as though in meditation, and then, taking her friend's hands in her own, she said:—

"My dear, I wish I could help you, but of course it is impossible,—these things are between ourselves and those we love; but just go to him as though nothing had happened between you, and I am sure it will be all right. Here's the train coming now. God bless you. I hope he'll not be so badly hurt, after all."

The booming of the train as it came into the great terminus drowned all other sounds. The crowd at the barrier threatened to break through the guards in their almost frantic efforts to claim their wounded heroes. Almost before the train had stopped, some of the less injured had jumped on to the platform, a small crowd with bandaged heads and arms in slings. These are the casualties which are designated "slightly wounded." On every hand women pushed and shouted, while the men cheered as they saw the faces they loved. The old couple at the barrier had seen their son and had rushed to meet him.

"Thank God, Billy, it's not so bad after all, eh?" said the mother, as she smothered him with kisses of joy and thankfulness and as her eyes streamed with gratitude.

On every hand there were like scenes and expressions as these who had been less unfortunate were claimed and taken charge of by their friends. The women were joyful in their greetings as they remembered the hundreds of others who had gone with them never to return; so they received them with a great cheer that their vigil was over.

Then came a halt in the disgoring of this stream of pain. For several minutes no one seemed to leave the carriages, and it seemed as though the flow had been stanchd. Many of the women, tired of waiting, were preparing to turn away, either to be resigned to the worst or to return another day to wait. The worst cases, however, were not ready, and it was not until some minutes of preparation had elapsed that the long stream of ambulances made its way slowly along the platform. At last it came,—a long line of those whose sacrifice had cost them legs and arms, and in some cases even worse, and who would be among those who would be maimed for life.

The waiting throng of women crowded around the barriers to watch each load as it made its way, in order that they might see the face of the sufferer, hoping that it would be the one they loved. Often, however, they would turn away sick at heart with disappointment and pain. They were ready to receive their hero even with these injuries, rather than learn the worst, but they do not grudge the sacrifice, for an Empire has called her sons.

Here is a man who has lost both his legs, yet who is bright and cheery as he meets his wife (the woman with the child), and smiles with a wan smile of welcome. He had come home again, but what a price to pay! Here is another man who is being helped along by two comrades, for he is not yet used to

crutches. His uniform bears still the marks of the mud which he has made sacred by his blood, for these are the marks of the struggle for freedom and humanity. He is one of the heroes who "saved the line," and whose undying story will be given to generations to come. Upon his shoulder strap he bears the name of the Dominion he has honored with his service and whose name he has made beautiful with his blood. Toward the end of that glorious day he had been stricken down by an enemy shell, and now he is coming home, having paid the price of his bravery in the loss of his leg. And so the stream of pain flowed on, unstanched and unabated, and the sad hearts of these women-folk welcomed home again these battered sons and husbands, feeling that the marks they bore would bring honor in the years to come.

The Canadian girl still waited alone upon the platform. As each stretcher had passed she had heaved a sigh as she failed to recognize its occupant,—a sigh partly of relief that he had not been so badly wounded, partly of disappointment that he had not come. Then, as she looked down the platform, from almost the last coach she saw a man being led by two of his comrades. His head was swathed in bandages and his arm was in a sling. He was one of the cases which had been recommended to the Canadian hospital at Clivedon, and was passing through London on his way to that destination. The waiting girl looked anxiously at the battered figure, and, while she failed to recognize the features beneath the bandages, she knew the sturdy figure to be that of the man she had come to seek. Slowly he came up the long platform, and as he came nearer she nerved herself for the ordeal. Then, as the trio reached the barrier, she caught hold of the hand of the wounded man and said:—

"Fred, it's me. I've come to take you home again when you are well. Are you glad to see me?" she said, with breaking voice.

"You, Daisy! Why have you come all this way across the water for a hulk like me? You see, dear, it's different now; I'm just a helpless wreck. But say, it's grand of you to have come."

The officer stepped up to the party and began to read to the orderlies the instructions for the disposition of the wounded man.

"I'm afraid, sir, I must ask you to countermand those orders, for I have made arrangements for the care of this man myself," announced the girl with splendid audacity. The officer remembered hundreds of others like him to come, and was glad of the room in the already crowded hospitals.

"Well, miss, we are glad to allow any friends to take the men off our hands and to help us make room for the others to come. If you will come with me, I will arrange matters for you."

The necessary papers and arrangements were made, and a few hours after, as they sat in the afternoon sun, they talked over the future.

"Well, Daisy, I'm very much afraid, even if my eyes are saved, I shall be a pretty poor specimen to burden a girl with for life. No, my dear, it was splendid of you to come, but when we get back we must both go our own ways," he said, as one who had made the resignation with a pang that had wrenched his heart.

For several moments the girl did not speak, and then, holding between hers the hand of her hero, she said:—

"But you'll need some one to do things in the years to come, Fred,—some one to read and to care for you. Everything's changed now, dear, and we just need each other. I'm going to stay until you do not want me any longer, and then, when you tell me to go, why, then I'll just go away."

"Then, Daisy, you will stay till the end, and we will still make together our little home."

The afternoon sun began to wane over the great city, but into the hearts of these two heroes there came the great sunshine of God.

On another morning the Canadian girl made her way to Waterloo, and was to be seen among the waiting crowd. Once again she met her friend.

"I met him the other morning, and we're going home again soon," she announced, with beaming eyes. "I want you to come and see him before we go; that's the address."

The girl in sable turned away as her eyes filled with tears and as her face bore the look of irrepressible pain. Presently she turned, and, with a smile that cost a sacrifice, she said:—

"I'm so glad, dear; you'll be so happy now. Yes, I'll call for a few minutes some afternoon."

She, too, had paid part of the sacrifice, but it had been infinitely harder to bear. She, too, had sent away her lover to fight the battles of an Empire, but he had paid the supreme sacrifice. She came every morning to the station, not to meet her lover, but because there are hundreds of other broken hearts who need consolation, and because there were hundreds of others in that great sisterhood who have given their loved ones, and who, like her, were paying the price of an Empire's glory and of humanity's victory.—*The Christian Register.*

MY DOG AND I.

When living seems but little worth
And all things go awry,
I close the door, we journey forth—
My dog and I!

For books and pens we leave behind,
But little careth he,
His one great joy in life is just
To be with me.

He notes by just one upward glance
My mental attitude,
As on we go past laughing stream
And singing wood.

The soft winds have a magic touch
That brings to care release,
The trees are vocal with delight,
The rivers sing of peace.

How good it is to be alive!
Nature, the healer strong,
Has set each pulse with life athrill
And joy and song.

Discouragement! 'Twas but a name,
And all things that annoy,
Out in the lovely world of June
Life seemeth only joy!

And ere we reach the busy town,
Like birds my troubles fly,
We are two comrades glad of heart—
My dog and I!

—*Alice J. Cleator, in Michigan Farmer.*

The only progressive religion in the world to-day is Christianity. It unfolds itself into new forms, puts forth new branches, and makes every day a new heaven and a new earth.

The end of church-going is not to hear arguments, not to listen to an essay or go through a ceremony, but to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, to be bathed once more by the spirit of God, and so enter into rest.

To say that Christianity is supernatural, is to say, not too much, but too little. Nor is it enough to say, "Christianity is the exclusively true religion." We must go farther, and maintain that it is the *inclusively* true religion.

The Church comes to itself when it ceases to dogmatize about doctrine, to make proselytes to its party, or to make converts by terror and persuasion,—when it devotes itself to showing God, the Father of Christ, to the heart, intellect, and conscience of man.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CITIES OF EUROPE.

1. A kind of meat and a town.
2. A prophet and a nuisance.
3. Part of a boat.
4. A pretty girl and a rank.
5. An animal and to cross a stream.
6. A vegetable growth and an animal.
7. To be angry and to do away with.
8. A girl's nickname and the French for good.
9. What Nero did to Rome.
10. The bark of a tree.
11. A boy's name and something used in war.
12. What every one is interested in at the present time and something without a mouth that has many teeth.—*The Beacon*.

II.

THE ANT TO THE CRICKET.

The cricket called on the ant at the end of harvest time and broached the subject of a small loan to tide over the season. Said the ant:—

"Do not think to find me a foolish — fellow — of your self-inflicted troubles. I admit you are a little chap with a charming voice and a — mind albeit you are somewhat of a — and — in your speech. Why you let the springs of industry lie — in the — season when there is work for all of us I — understand. You must — that misery and — are invariably — upon improvidence. Nevertheless I shall not be entirely — to your appeal. On your way out of my garden, you may stop at the — and slake your thirst."

Complete this homily with suitable words which end with "ant."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

III.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A country of Europe.
2. Physical uneasiness or torture.
3. The fluid which we breathe.
4. A preposition.
5. A consonant.

IV.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the eight sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which,

if found and written one below the other, will spell a holiday.

1. The loss of the money was a hard blow to the family.
2. He was a great help to his mother about the farm.
3. The leak was due to a broken pipe.
4. The air was full of smoke.
5. The rain prevented the pageant.
6. The fire destroyed the barn.
7. The pond was a means of supply to the mill.
8. The yard was full of boxes.

V.

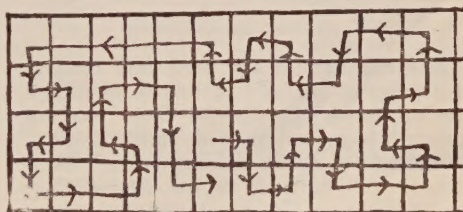
PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

Two-ninths of moonlight, one-fourth of dusk, two-sevenths of sunrise, one-fourth of musk, two-fifths of a comet, one-fourth of a star, one-fifth of a cloud in the west afar, two-fifths of a fairy, dressed in green, make a time when elves are said to be seen.

—Contributed.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

I. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



Firecrackers.
Roman Candles.
Flag.
Pinwheels.
Red fire.

- II. FORTUNE TELLING.—I. Ann Eliza.
2. Bridget. 3. Betty. 4. Marie. 5. Peggy.

III. ADDED LETTER PUZZLE.—Cord, chord; core, chore; art, hart; ail, hail; tongs, thongs; sank, shank; trash, thrash; seer, sheer; curl, churl; asp, hasp; torn, thorn; sears, shears; sin, shin; toot, tooth; sun, shun; sine, shine; sip, ship; sire, shire; soot, sooth; self, shelf; oral, horal; saw, shaw.

IV. A ZIGZAG.—B E V Y

L E A P

B U N K

D A R N

I B I S

A N N A

G U A M

A T O M

L O O N

B U R N Bennington.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is College Park, Georgia.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, usually held on the first Friday of every month, will be omitted during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.